

THE WEEKLY THAT'S LOADED WITH COLOUR!

# VULCAN

26th APRIL, 1975

EVERY MONDAY

PRICE 7p

STARRING:

MYTEK  
THE  
MIGHTY

☆  
The  
FABULOUS  
SPIDER

☆  
THE  
STEEL  
CLAW

☆  
ROBOT  
ARCHIE

AND  
3 OTHER  
GREAT  
STORIES!



# MYTEK THE MIGHTY

In an attempt to pacify the warlike Akari tribesmen of Central Africa, Professor Boyce built a giant robot in the shape of Mytek, the Akari ape-god. Gogra, his power-mad assistant, stole the metal monster and used it to bring the Akari under his command. Later, the professor and game-warden Dirk Mason crept towards Mytek in an effort to regain control of it while Gogra was asleep inside!

...SNUUUURG!  
...RUUUMPHH!

YOU... YOU'RE RIGHT, MASON—GOGRA'S ASLEEP! I CAN HEAR HIS SNORES COMING THROUGH THE ROBOT'S AMPLIFIER!

YES... BUT THERE IS AN EMERGENCY HATCH, BUILT INTO THE ROBOT'S RIGHT FOOT! IT LEADS TO A CAPSULE WHICH IS WORKED BY AIR-PRESSURE! IT WILL CARRY US RIGHT UP TO THE CONTROL CABIN!

THEN WE'LL CAPTURE THE LITTLE ROGUE BEFORE HE REALISES WHAT'S HAPPENING!



BUT HOW CAN WE GET AT HIM? THE ENTRY HATCH IN THE ROBOT'S HEAD CAN ONLY BE OPENED FROM THE INSIDE NOW THAT GOGRA'S IN THERE!

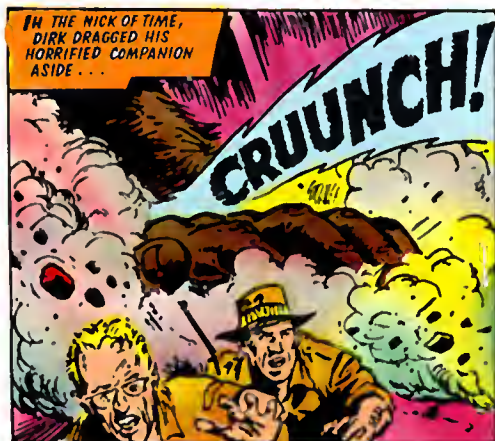
BUT EVEN AS THEY PAUSED BESIDE THE HATCH, THERE CAME THE RUMBLE OF MASSIVE COG-WHEELS...

THE ROBOT. IT—IT'S STARTING TO SIT UP!

GOGRA MUST BE AWAKE! HE'S SEEN US!



LOOK OUT, PROF—!



IN THE NICK OF TIME, DIRK DRAGGED HIS HORRIFIED COMPANION ASIDE...

CRUUNCH!

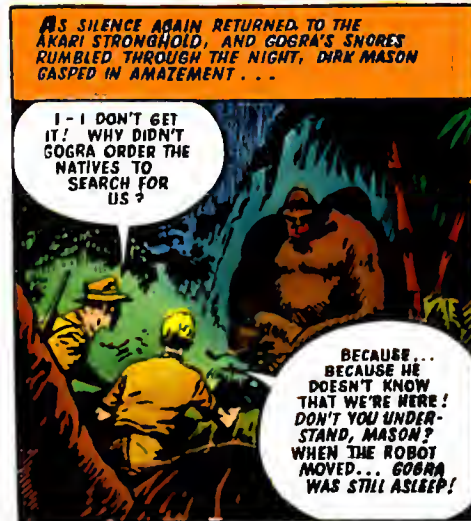
GOOD GRIEF! IT... IT TRIED TO CRUSH US—!

HUN, PROF... MAKE FOR THE JUNGLE! IF GOGRA USES THE ROBOT'S SEARCHLIGHTS, WE'RE DONE FOR!

BUT, INSIDE THE GIANT APE'S CONTROL CABIN...

UUUUH! WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT? I THOUGHT I... FELT... THE ROBOT MOVE—!

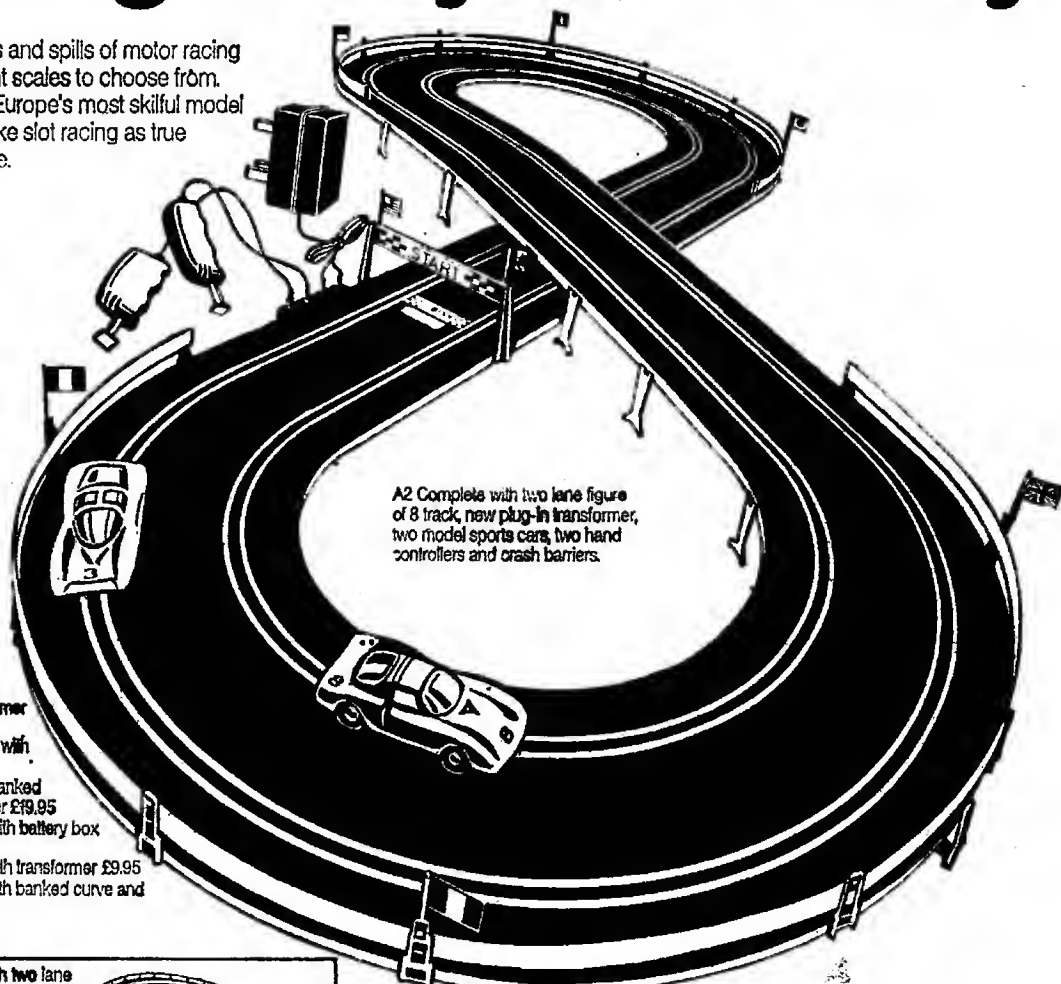




# Polistil bring you the most exciting slot racing sets you can buy.

All the thrills and spills of motor racing with two different scales to choose from.

Polistil are Europe's most skilful model makers and make slot racing as true to life as possible.



A2 Complete with two lane figure of 8 track, new plug-in transformer, two model sports cars, two hand controllers and crash barriers.

A1 Oval with transformer £12.95

A2 Figure of 8 circuit with transformer £15.95

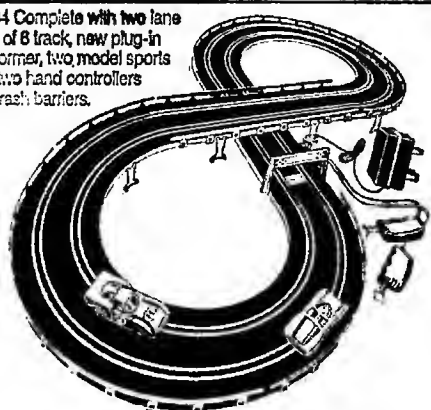
A3 Figure of 8 with banked curve and transformer £19.95

DN700 Oval circuit with battery box £5.95

DN704 Figure of 8 with transformer £9.95

DN705 Figure of 8 with banked curve and transformer £11.95

DN704 Complete with two lane figure of 8 track, new plug-in transformer, two model sports cars, two hand controllers and crash barriers.



The 'A' range is in 1/32nd scale and costs as little as £12.95\* for a set including transformer.

The 'DN' range is in 1/43rd scale and includes a figure of 8 circuit for only £9.95\* complete with transformer.

Look for the Polistil range in your local model shop, toy shop, or department store.

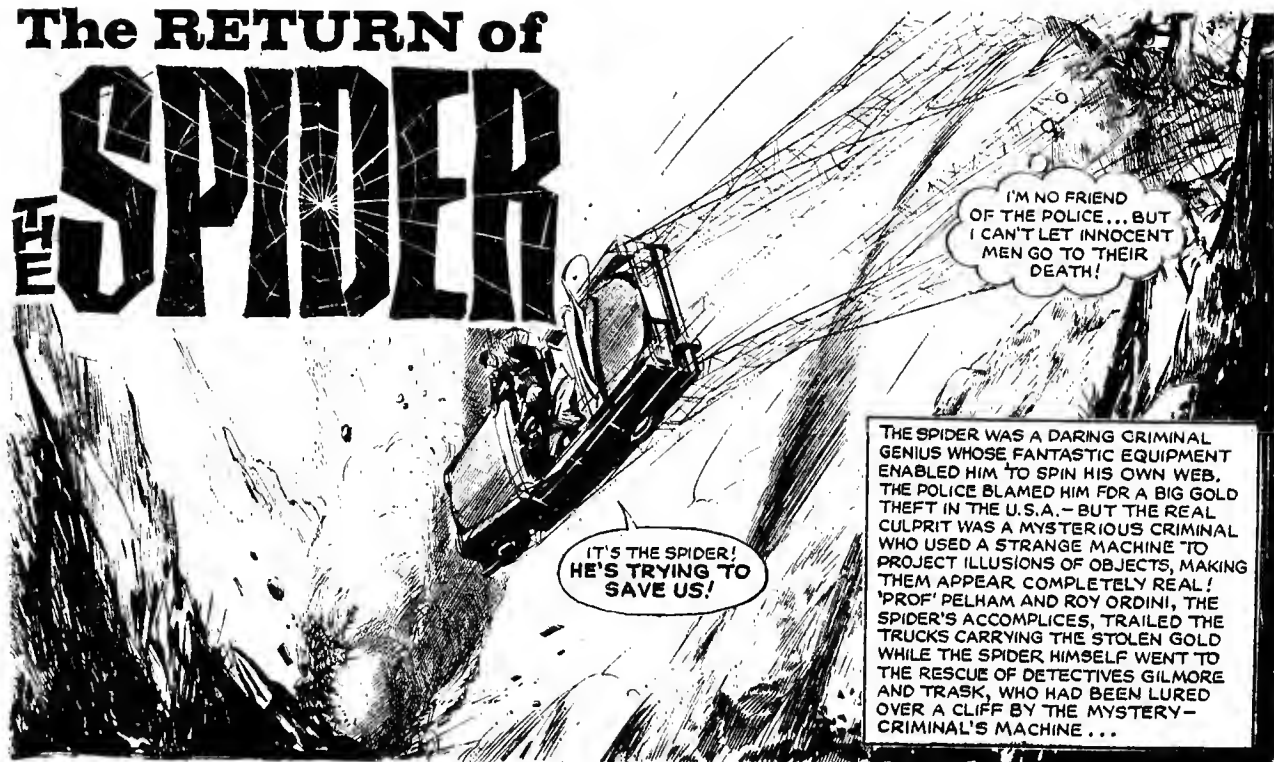
You'd never believe slot racing could be this exciting.

\*Recommended retail price at time of going to press, including VAT at 8%.

**Polistil®**  
The closest you'll get to the real thing.

**HALES**  
PO Box 33, Hinckley, Leics.

# The RETURN of THE SPIDER



IT'S THE SPIDER!  
HE'S TRYING TO  
SAVE US!

THE SPIDER WAS A DARING CRIMINAL GENIUS WHOSE FANTASTIC EQUIPMENT ENABLED HIM TO SPIN HIS OWN WEB. THE POLICE BLAMED HIM FOR A BIG GOLD THEFT IN THE U.S.A. - BUT THE REAL CULPRIT WAS A MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL WHO USED A STRANGE MACHINE TO PROJECT ILLUSIONS OF OBJECTS, MAKING THEM APPEAR COMPLETELY REAL! 'PROF' PELHAM AND ROY ORDINI, THE SPIDER'S ACCOMPLICES, TRAILED THE TRUCKS CARRYING THE STOLEN GOLD WHILE THE SPIDER HIMSELF WENT TO THE RESCUE OF DETECTIVES GILMORE AND TRASK, WHO HAD BEEN LURED OVER A CLIFF BY THE MYSTERY-CRIMINAL'S MACHINE...



DETECTIVES BOB GILMORE AND PETE TRASK WERE STUNNED...



THEN WHO'S THE FIEND WHO ARRANGED THIS TRAP?



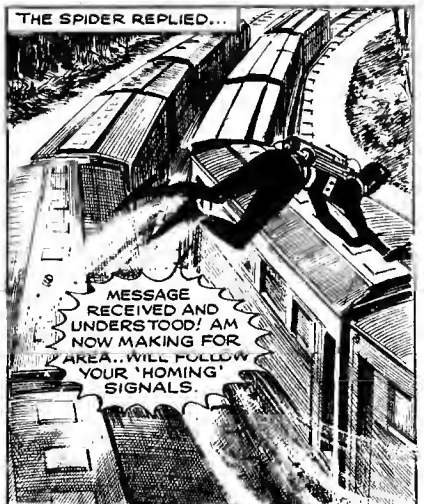
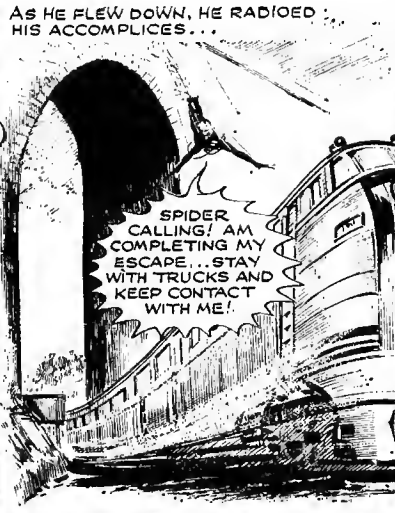
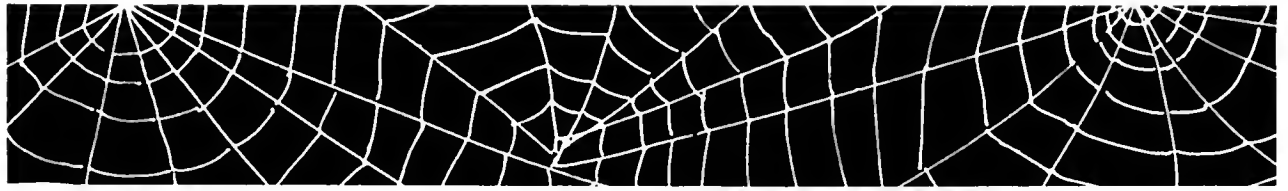
THERE HE IS...  
FIRE!

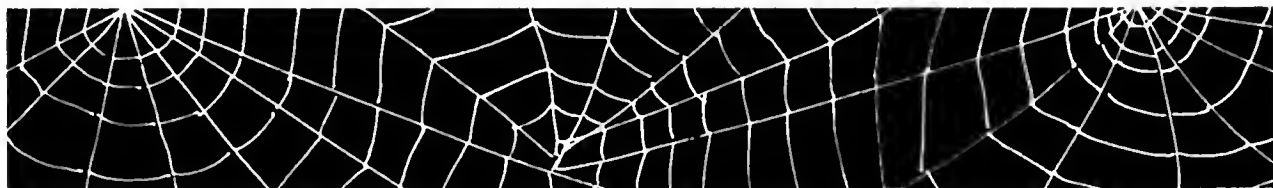


THE GAS IS HARMLESS, BUT EFFECTIVE.

I-I CAN'T SEE!  
I FEEL DIZZY!

QUICK,  
SHOOT HIM  
DOWN!





PROF. IT'S A  
TORNADO—A 'TWISTER'!  
CLIMB! MAKE THE HELICAR  
CLIMB!

IT'LL HIT THE  
GOLD TRUCKS!

AS PROF. PELHAM DESPERATELY WORKED THE HELICAR'S CONTROLS,  
THE TRUCKS DISAPPEARED BENEATH.



THE TRUCKS ARE BEING  
SWALLOWED UP. THE GUYS  
WHO STOLE THE GOLD WON'T  
LIVE TO ENJOY IT.

TOO BAD THE  
MIRROR MAN ISN'T  
ABOARD!

SUDDENLY THE SCENE AGAIN CHANGED...



IT'S CRAZY—  
EVERYTHING'S GONE!  
WE—WE'RE OVER  
MANHATTAN!

IT'S ALL A TRICK!  
THE TORNADO MUST  
HAVE BEEN SOME DEVILISH  
MIRAGE PROJECTED HERE  
SOMEHOW TO MAKE US  
LOSE TRACK OF THE  
TRUCKS.

THE SPIDER WAS  
'HOMING' ON THOSE  
RADIO SIGNALS...

PROF. PELHAM USED HIS RADIO TRANSMITTER.



CALLING THE SPIDER!  
CALLING THE SPIDER!  
HAVE LOST TRUCKS AND  
DIRECTION... THE WORK  
OF YOUR RIVAL! AWAIT  
INSTRUCTIONS!



MESSAGE RECEIVED!  
GO DOWN AND INVESTIGATE!  
LAND THE HELICAR AND  
PIN-POINT EXACT POSITION.  
THE HIDEOUT OF MY RIVAL  
MUST BE TRACED!



THE SKYSCRAPERS YOU SEE ARE A MIRAGE! PASS THROUGH THEM — BUT GO CAREFULLY, MY ENEMY WILL USE EVERY POWER TO KEEP THE GOLD.

THE GOLD CAN'T BE FAR! THE SPIDER HAS TO SETTLE WITH THE DEADLY ENEMY WHO WILL KILL TO GAIN GOLD. I'M COMING — DON'T LOSE THE TRAIL...



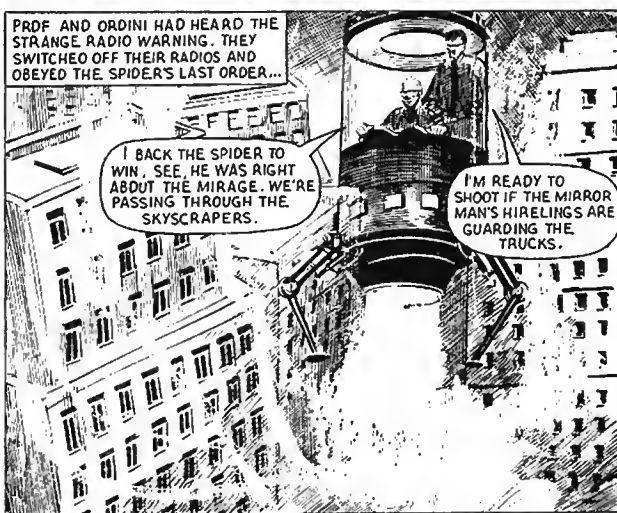
A NEW VOICE BROKE IN ON THE SPIDER'S RADIO RECEIVER...

CALLING THE SPIDER! CALLING THE SPIDER! FOOL, KEEP AWAY WHILE YOU'RE SAFE. I, THE MIRROR MAN, CAN ALWAYS DESTROY YOU. YOU MAY DEFEAT THE POLICE BUT NOT ME!



THE MYSTERY SPEAKER CHUCKLED

HEH! HEH! HEH! THAT WILL BRING THE SPIDER! HIS PRIDE WILL NEVER ALLOW HIM TO RESIST SUCH A CHALLENGE... I NEED HIM! THE TRAP IS SET!



PROF AND ORDINI HAD HEARD THE STRANGE RADIO WARNING. THEY SWITCHED OFF THEIR RADIOS AND OBEYED THE SPIDER'S LAST ORDER...

I BACK THE SPIDER TO WIN, SEE, HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE MIRAGE. WE'RE PASSING THROUGH THE SKYSCRAPERS.

I'M READY TO SHOOT IF THE MIRROR MAN'S HIRELINGS ARE GUARDING THE TRUCKS.



THE HELICAR LANDED...

THERE ARE THE TRUCKS! TAKE THE GUN AND MOVE OUT TO INVESTIGATE. I'LL STAY BACK HERE.

EVERYTHING SEEMS DESERTED. MAYBE THE BULLION HAS ALREADY BEEN SHIFTED.



FROM MILES AWAY, EVERY MOVEMENT WAS WATCHED...

COME, MY LITTLE FLIES — FRIENDS OF THE SPIDER. I AWAIT YOU AND YOUR MASTER. STEP INTO MY WEB! THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE!

DON'T MISS THE BATTLE OF WITS BETWEEN GANGLAND LEADERS—NEXT MONDAY!

# SABER KING of the JUNGLE





FROM A KRAAL OF THE OKASU PEOPLE, JUNGLE DRUMS THROBBED MADLY... BEATING OUT A DESPERATE MESSAGE FROM THE OKASU CHIEF . . .

SUMMON SABER AND HIS FRIEND, UMBALA. TELL THEM OF THE GAMES! TELL THEM WE NEED THEM, AND TO COME WITH ALL SPEED.

SUDDENLY A SPEAR FLASHED — AND A DRUM WAS SILENCED!



EEEEEARGH!  
A WARNING! IT WAS WRONG TO CALL SABER...

THEN CAME A SHATTERING EXPLOSION . . .



EEEEEEH!

ONLY THE OKASU CHIEF KEPT HIS WITS — AS GIANT, SILENT FORMS MOVED FROM THE JUNGLE . . .



FIND SABER!

SABER'S HAWK-EAGLE!  
IT WILL CARRY MY MESSAGE TO HIM . . .

THE FREED EAGLE SOARED ALOFT . . .



FLY TO SABER!  
AUGH!



MILES AWAY, SABER, WHO HAD BEEN REARED IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, WAS IN COMPETITION WITH HIS FRIEND, UMBALA,...

RACE ME, AXE-MAN! SHOOT THE RAPIDS!

SO BE IT! UMBALA NEVER REJECTS A CHALLENGE.



BOTH MEN HANDLED THEIR RAFTS WITH DEATH-DEFYING SKILL...

IF YOU GROW AFRAID, I WILL HOLD YOUR HAND.

IT IS LUCKY YOU JOKE. I HAVE KILLED MEN FOR MAKING SMALLER INSULTS.



SUDDENLY A SAVAGE SHAPE PLUMMETED...

ON GUARD - A HAWKEAGLE DIVES TO ATTACK! LET IT MEET BONE-BITER, MY AXE!



NO... YOU WOULD KILL A FRIEND! THE EAGLE IS MINE!



THE BIRD CARRIES A MESSAGE!

ONLY SABER WOULD USE EAGLES AS CARRIER PIGEONS!



M'FANU, CHIEF OF THE OKASU, SENDS FOR US. HE ASKS ME TO REPRESENT HIS PEOPLE AT A JUNGLE GAMES, WHERE WARRIORS OF ALL THE TRIBES COMPETE.

THAT IS GOOD! IN THE OLD DAYS THE GAMES SAW MUCH BLOODSHED.



THE OLD DAYS WERE BAD... AND ARE GONE. SO WHY DOES M'FANU CHOOSE THIS STRANGE WAY TO SEND FOR ME? WHY DID HE NOT USE THE DRUMS?

HE MAKES MUCH OF SOMETHING THAT IS NOW ONLY SPORT!



THEY SET OUT FOR OKASU TERRITORY...

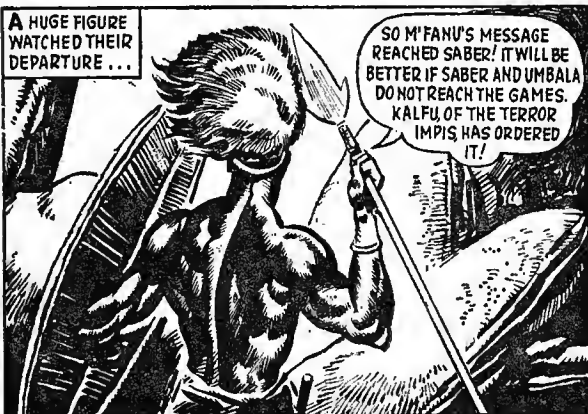
I FEEL UNEASY! THE GAMES ARE NOW A JUNGLE OLYMPICS. YET M'FANU IS NO FOOL.



BAH! I PREFERRED IT WHEN WARRIORS FOUGHT TO THE DEATH.

A HUGE FIGURE WATCHED THEIR DEPARTURE...

SO M'FANU'S MESSAGE REACHED SABER! IT WILL BE BETTER IF SABER AND UMBALA DO NOT REACH THE GAMES. KALFU, OF THE TERROR IMPIS HAS ORDERED IT!



WITH PHENOMENAL STRENGTH, THE WARRIOR HEAVED AT THE GIANT BOULDER...

ALTHOUGH THEY WOULD SURELY HAVE DIED AT THE GAMES... THEY DIE NOW INSTEAD... CRUSHED BY THIS ROCK!



NEXT MONDAY: A DESPERATE BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL!

# THE CORGI TECHNOCRATS SAY OVER THREE THOUSAND CORGI CARS MUST BE WON



**ZAK AND WHIZZ**  
TWO OF THE CORGI  
TECHNOCRATS - THE  
DYNAMIC TEAM.  
BEHIND CORGI CARS  
ARE ZOOMING ALONG  
THE NEW YORK  
FREEWAY. SUDDENLY  
THEY SEE A CRAZY  
CAR PASSING ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE  
FREEWAY.

WOW LOOK AT,  
THAT WHIZZ! THAT'S  
ONE OF THE NEW CRAZY  
CARS - YOU DON'T SEE  
MANY OF THOSE BACK  
IN LONDON.

HEY WOULDN'T IT BE  
GREAT IF WE MADE A  
COMPETITION OUT OF  
THAT? LET THE KIDS  
COLOUR SOME CARS AS  
CRAZILY AS THEY LIKE  
THEY CAN EVEN ADD  
STRIPES AND STICKERS  
LET THEM GO MAD.

MARVELLOUS  
LET'S PHONE  
THROUGH TO H.W.  
HE CAN GET  
CRACKING ON IT  
RIGHT AWAY  
AFTER ALL HE'S  
THE BRAINY  
ONE!!

TWO WEEKS LATER, BACK IN THE  
CORGI TECHNOCRATS  
OPERATIONS ROOM THE  
COMPETITION IS FINALLY  
READY.

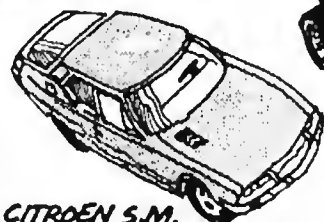
IT'S EASY TO ENTER  
WE JUST WANT YOU TO COLOUR  
A CORGI CAR AS CRAZILY  
AS YOU LIKE. BRUSH, PEN, PENCIL  
OR CRAYON WILL DO. COMPLETE A  
SIMPLE SENTENCE. THEN SEND  
IN TWO RED & WHITE CORGI  
DOG SYMBOLS WITH  
YOUR ENTRY

WIN ONE OF EVERY  
MODEL IN ALL THE  
CORGI RANGES -  
THAT'S OVER 200  
MODELS IN ALL.  
OR YOU CAN WIN ONE  
OF SIXTY CORGI  
ELECTROROCKET  
STUNT POWER SETS.  
OR YOU CAN WIN  
3000 CORGI  
JUNIORS AS  
CONSOLATION  
PRIZES.

GET YOUR  
ENTRY FORM  
FROM YOUR  
LOCAL CORGI  
STOCKISTS  
TODAY!

HERE'S A  
GREAT WAY TO  
ENTER! GET ANY  
ONE OF THESE  
THREE NEW CORGI  
MODELS NOW.  
GOOD LUCK!

 **CORGI**



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno and Keren rushed to meet them, and when Keren had explained what had happened, Trigo drew his gleaming blade.



An hour later, a breathless captain of King Zorth's guard burst into the presence of the tyrant of Loka.



On the plain before his beloved city, Trigo wheeled his warriors into line and charged the enemy.



And King Zorth's cavalry surged forward to meet shock with shock.

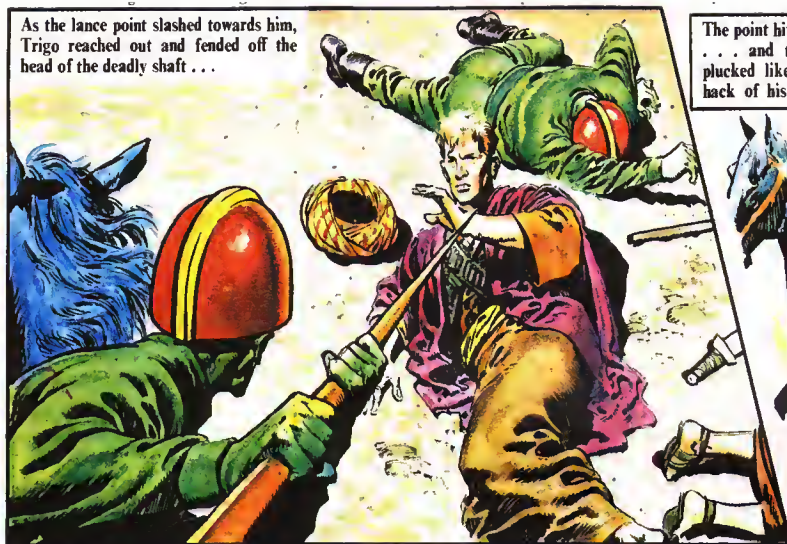


Trigo's mount was killed under him . . . And Trigo's last hope fell heavily to the ground.



He rolled over . . . In time to see the yelling face of a Loka warrior behind the gleaming point of his oncoming lance!





As the lance point slashed towards him, Trigo reached out and fended off the head of the deadly shaft...

The point hit deeply into the ground... and the enemy lancer was plucked like a rag doll from the back of his careering mount!

Aaaagh!



In a trice Trigo vaulted into the empty saddle and shouted encouragement to his followers.

One more charge... for Trigan... and the day is won!



The tide of the battle surged to and fro before the gates of Trigan, but finally the Lokans broke... and ran!



Trigo's voice rang out above the confusion. He called to his brother Brag...

Where is Zorth? He must be taken alive!

Zorth won't escape us, never fear!



But the tyrant King Zorth of Loka was already making good his escape. As soon as he saw the battle was lost, he made his way to his personal atmosphere craft—the sole surviving craft of his destroyed fleet.

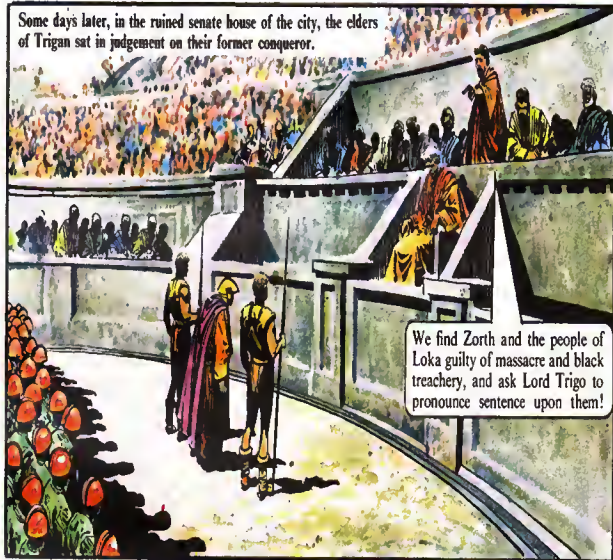
Curse Trigo! He'll never put chains on Zorth of Loka!



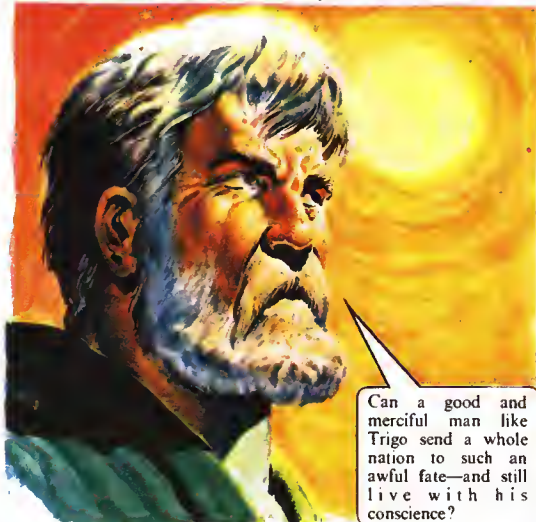
Shortly after, Brag pointed to the craft as it climbed over the ruined city.

There goes Zorth, for certain!

By the planets, it has to be him!



Wise old Peric was among those present. He looked up at Gallas which was now an approaching fireball in the sky . . .

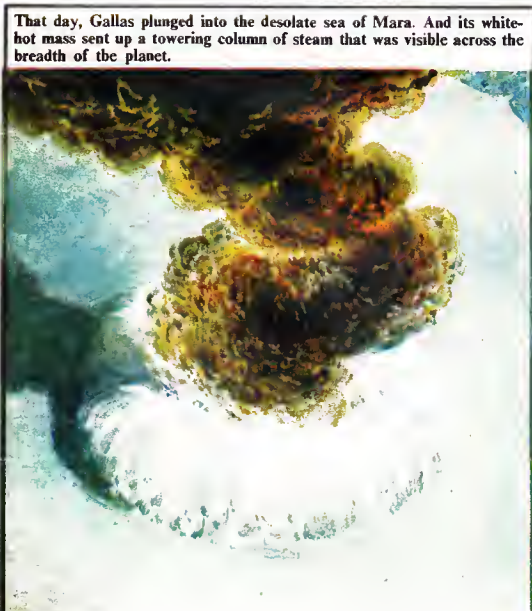
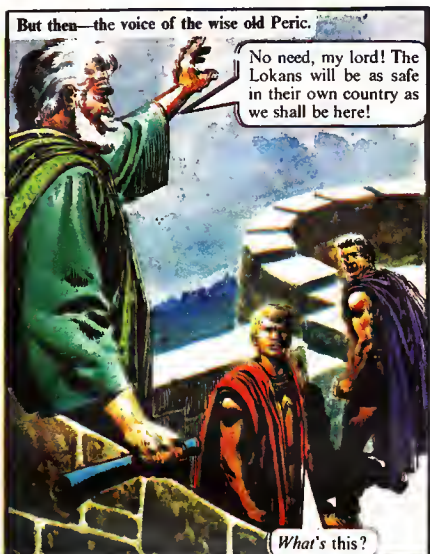
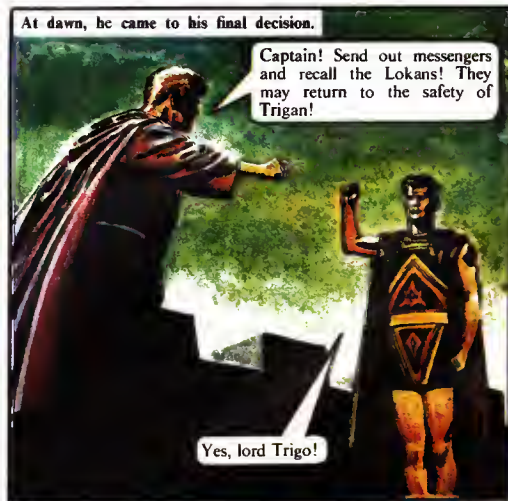


Out of the city of Trigan streamed the multitude of defeated Lokans, on their way back to their own land . . . and oblivion.



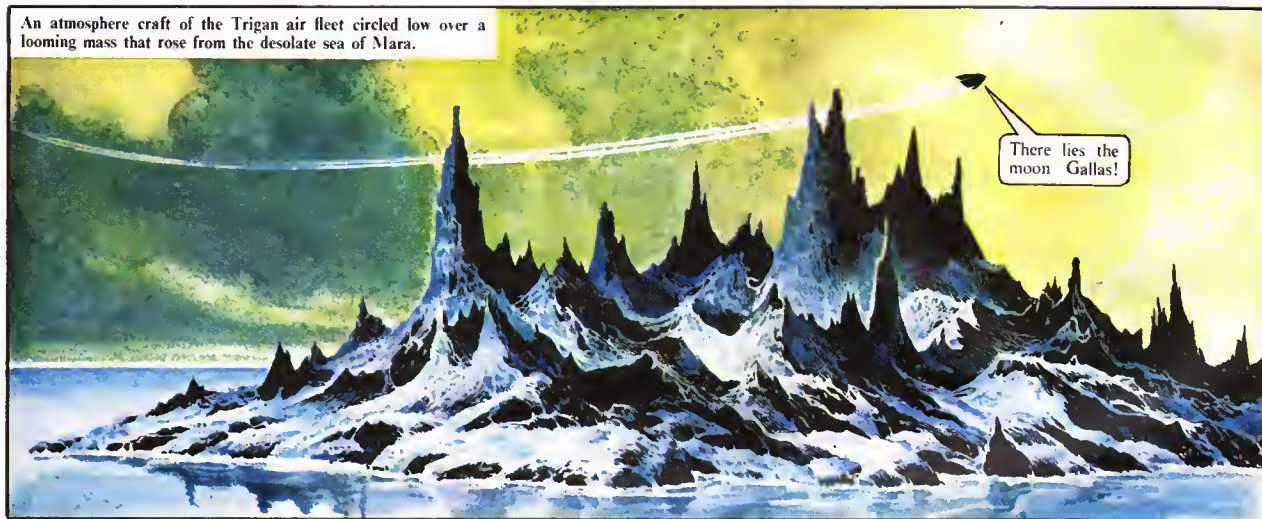
Trigo and his brother Brag watched grimly from the battlements of the city.







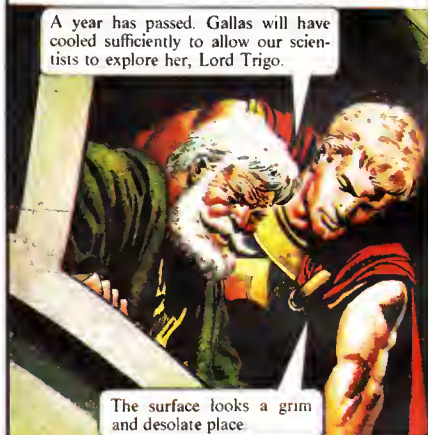
An atmosphere craft of the Trigan air fleet circled low over a looming mass that rose from the desolate sea of Mara.



There lies the moon Gallas!

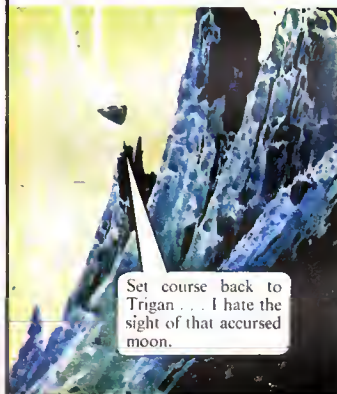
In the craft were Trigo the ruler of Trigan, and the wise old Peric.

A year has passed. Gallas will have cooled sufficiently to allow our scientists to explore her, Lord Trigo.



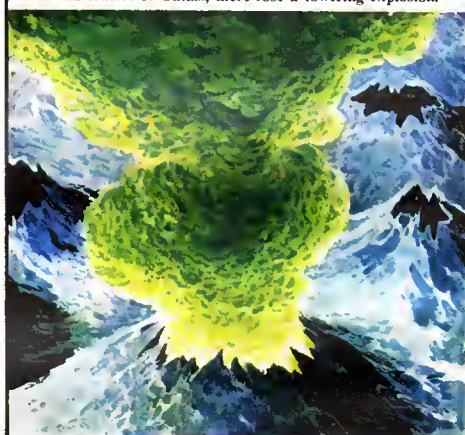
The surface looks a grim and desolate place.

A year before, the moon Gallas had collided with the planet Elekton, but by great good fortune had landed in the desolate sea and done no harm.

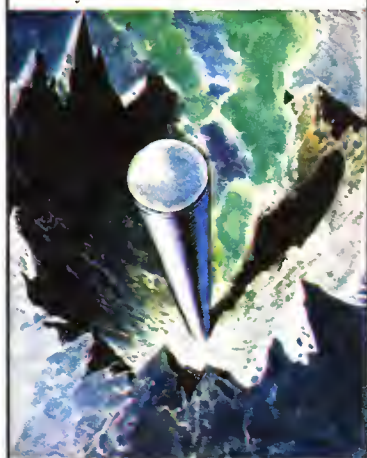


Set course back to Trigan... I hate the sight of that accursed moon.

The following dawn, a strange thing happened... from one of the dead craters of Gallas, there rose a towering explosion.



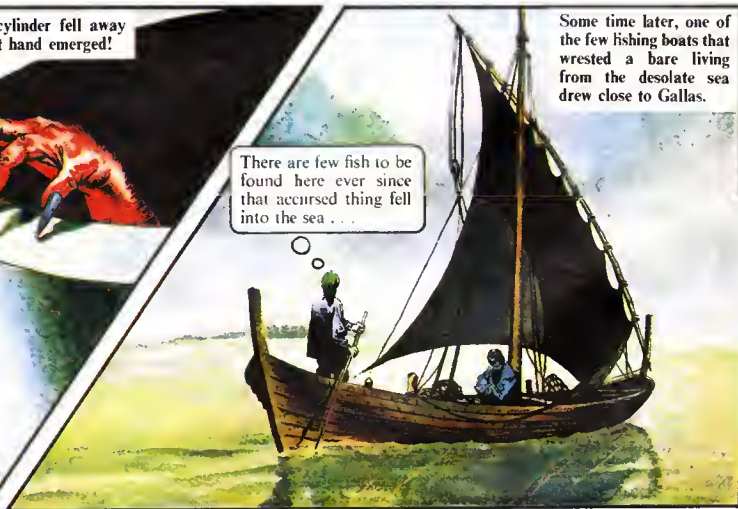
When the smoke had cleared away, a gleaming metal cylinder arose from the crater.



The end of the cylinder fell away... and a scarlet hand emerged!



There are few fish to be found here ever since that accursed thing fell into the sea...



Some time later, one of the few fishing boats that wrested a bare living from the desolate sea drew close to Gallas.





Suddenly, a strange humming sound filled the air, causing the fisherman to rise to his feet, dropping the steering oar . . . In a hoarse, dead voice he spoke as if in answer to a question.



Seizing his sleeping comrade in his arms, the fisherman flung himself over the side of the boat . . . into the chill waters.



The sea of Mara closed over their heads . . . And the small vessel sailed on . . . Alone . . .



A few days later, a Trigan atmosphere craft was patrolling the sea of Mara in the vicinity of Gallas . . .



And then . . . a change came over the pilot's face . . .



He jerked the control lever, and the craft plunged into a dizzy dive . . . heading straight for destruction!



When the moon Gallas collided with the planet Elekton and landed harmlessly in the desolate sea of Mara, the people of Elekton believed that they had had a miraculous escape from disaster. But strange things are happening in the vicinity of the partly submerged moon . . .

Meanwhile, the clash of blade on blade resounded through the ruler's palace at Trigan.



Strike at them, Keren! We'll win this contest!

Not if we can help it!

Trigo and young Keren were engaged in a friendly contest with Brag and his son, Janno. Though friendly, the contest was far from tame!



HAH!

Janno missed his footing, and fell heavily, crashing his head against a pillar.



UUUGH!

But soon he was sitting up and rubbing his aching head.



Ugh! There's a singing in my ears like the war-cry of the Lokans!

I think we may say we have won the contest, Keren.

Then an excited officer of the air fleet entered.



Lord Trigo . . . One of our atmosphere craft has not returned from patrol!

What was its last known position?

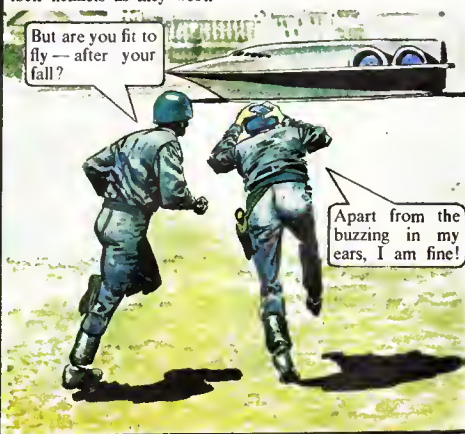
The vicinity of Gallas, over the sea of Mara, Lord Trigo.



Then send another craft to search the surface of Gallas.

Keren and I will go, Uncle.

Janno and Keren raced to their atmosphere craft, buckling on their helmets as they went.



But are you fit to fly — after your fall?

Apart from the buzzing in my ears, I am fine!



Flying low, they soon came in sight of the green mass rising from the surface of the desolate sea.

I'll circle Gallas . . . See if you can spot anything.



And then—they saw the wreckage!

By the stars! It must have dived to destruction at full power!

There can be no survivors!

For a while they circled the scene of the tragedy. Then, a strange change came over Keren, and he muttered in a hoarse voice . . .

Next instant, Janno felt his control column taken in a vice-like grip . . . He turned to stare into the mask-like face of his companion!



Yes . . . I hear . . . Speak on . . .

Did you say something?



DESTROY! DESTROY!

Keren! What are you doing? You'll kill us both!

With superhuman strength, Keren thrust the controls forward, and the craft dipped into a fatal dive. Then Janno acted—drove his bunched fist into his friend's face!



Have you taken leave of your senses?

UUUGH!



Wrenching back the control column, Janno saved his craft from diving into the surface of Gallas!

His hairbreadth escape did not go unobserved. Strange beings watched from Gallas . . .

Why are we not being obeyed?

I do not understand. The order was given to both men in the craft!



Janno has foiled the plan of the evil creatures of Gallas . . . but for how long?

★

Struck by an exploding ray machine, scientist Louis Crandell discovered that an electric shock made him invisible — except for his steel claw. He decided to seize world power, but his attempt to destroy New York was foiled by Professor Barringer. Escaping from the city, Crandell was smothered in flour, and became visible to his pursuers.

# THE STEEL CLAW

MY INVISIBILITY IS USELESS... I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE FLOUR... BUT HOW?

ALARMED BY THE SHOOTING, THE DRIVER LOOKED OUT OF HIS CAB...

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTING...

I MUST SWING OVER INTO THE CAB!

FOR AN AGONISED INSTANT LOUIS CRANDELL STOOD REVEALED LIKE A WHITE GHOST...



AS THE SOLDIERS STARTED IN PURSUIT, CRANDELL BRUSHED DESPERATELY AT HIS FLOUR CAKED CLOTHES...

YOU MUST BE THE STEEL CLAW! YOU THREATENED TO DESTROY NEW YORK AT DAWN!

THE BOMB FAILED! IT'S PAST SIX O'CLOCK NOW! AND NEW YORK HASN'T BLOWN UP!

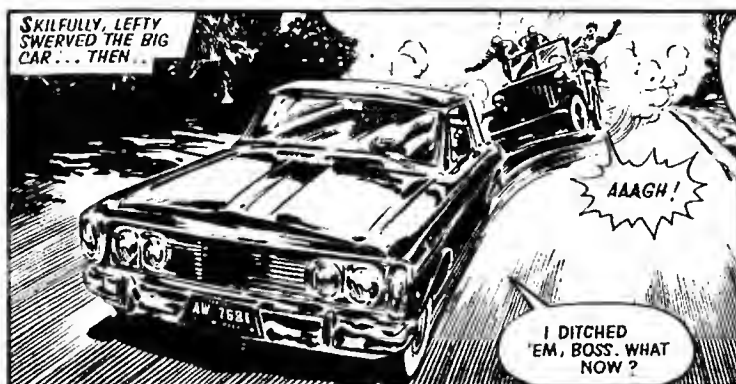
THE MILITARY JEEP SNARLED IN PURSUIT OF THE FLOUR TRUCK... THEN...



FOR A SINISTER NEW INFLUENCE WAS ABOUT TO ENTER THE LIFE OF THE STEEL CLAW...

DITCH THOSE SOLDIER BOYS, LEFTY! QUICK! YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE!





SKILFULLY, LEFTY SWERVED THE BIG CAR... THEN...

AAAGH!

I DITCHED 'EM, BOSS. WHAT NOW?



NOW WE GO AFTER THE STEEL CLAW! I'VE READ ABOUT HIM... HE'S BEEN ACTING LIKE AN AMATEUR. I'LL TEACH HIM HOW TO BE A PROFESSIONAL!



AT THAT MOMENT...

THE STEEL CLAW'S GETTING AWAY IN A FLOUR TRUCK! THE JEEP HAS CRASHED! SET UP ROAD BLOCKS!



THE FIRST ROAD BLOCK LOOMED UP BEFORE THE SPEEDING TRUCK...

LOOK! A ROAD BLOCK... WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH!

DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!



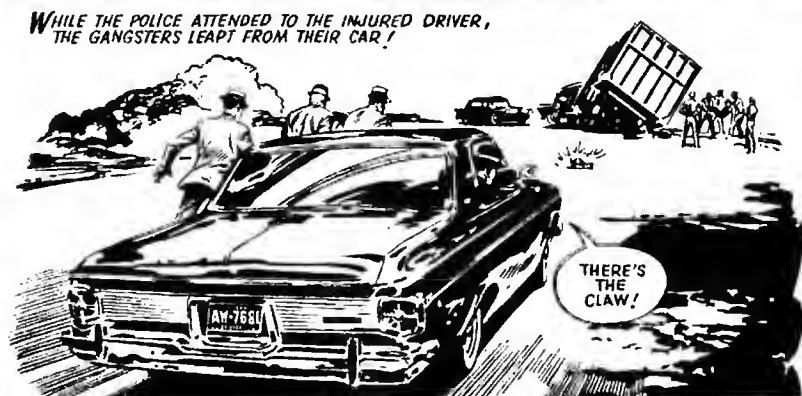
AAAGH!

WE'VE GOT HIM THIS TIME! HE'S IN THAT TRUCK!



THE STEEL CLAW WAS THROWN CLEAR OF THE TRUCK— AND HIS HEAD STRUCK THE ROAD!

THE DRIVER'S INJURED! GET HIM OUT OF THE TRUCK!



WHILE THE POLICE ATTENDED TO THE INJURED DRIVER, THE GANGSTERS LEAPT FROM THEIR CAR!

THERE'S THE CLAW!



UNCONSCIOUS, HELPLESS, THE STEEL CLAW LAY IN THE ROAD AS THE CROOKS RUSHED TOWARDS HIM...

GET THE STEEL CLAW! I WANT HIM!





WILL CRANDELL AGREE TO THE GANGSTER'S PLAN TO CONTINUE HIS REIGN OF TERROR? SEE NEXT MONDAY!

# KELLY'S EYE

Tim Kelly's villainous partners in the Los Solos mines had bribed rebel general Lucia Parmo to destroy him. Tim owned the eye of an ancient Inca god which made him invincible and he captured Parmo's tank squadron. Then, as the general's army moved in to attack, Tim lost possession of the all-powerful eye!

THE EYE OF ZOLTEC IS SOMEWHERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS TANK... BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP AND SEARCH FOR IT!

I COULD ORDER THE TANKS TO OPEN FIRE! BUT I CAN'T JUST SLAUGHTER THOSE MEN... EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE REBELS!

DESPERATELY, TIM RACKED HIS BRAINS FOR INSPIRATION. THEN, MOMENTS LATER...

SAPRISTI... LOOK! THE ENGLISHMAN SHOWS HIMSELF!

THE FOOL! DOES HE MEAN TO TAKE ON A WHOLE ARMY BY HIMSELF?

EAGER TO CLAIM THE REWARD OFFERED FOR TIM, ONE SOLDIER BROKE FROM THE RANKS.

NOW... WE WILL SOON SEE IF HE IS SUCH A SUPERMAN! PREPARE TO DIE, SENOR KELLY!

THE ENSUING BARRAGE WAS TOO MUCH FOR MEN WHO HAD WITNESSED THE MIRACULOUS POWERS OF TIM KELLY...

AAHH! OUR OWN TANKS FIRE UPON US!

A SHOT RANG OUT. UNPROTECTED BY THE EYE OF ZOLTEC, TIM KELLY WALKED STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE ONCOMING BULLET!

THEN...

OUUGH! SEE...THE BULLET BOUNCES FROM HIS CHEST!

THEN IT IS TRUE! HE IS INVINCIBLE!

CARAMBA... THE MAN IS BEWITCHED!

BEFORE THE STARTLED SOLDIERS COULD RECOVER...

NOW, YOU TANK COMMANDERS... FIRE YOUR REMAINING SHELLS ABOVE THEIR HEADS! FRIGHTEN THEM... BUT DON'T KILL THEM! UNDERSTAND?

S-SI, SENOR!

FLEE! THERE IS NO ANSWER TO THIS MIGHTY MAN KELLY!



IN THE CONFUSION, NO-ONE SAW TIM KELLY REACH INSIDE HIS SHIRT... AND REMOVE THE STRIP OF ARMOUR-PLATING WHICH HAD TAKEN THE FULL FORCE OF THE BULLET !



PHEW ! I GAMBLERD ON THAT REBEL SHOOTING AT MY CHEST... AND IT CAME OFF ! BUT NEVER AGAIN !

AS THE LEADING TANK CAME ABREAST OF HIM...



ALL RIGHT, COMMANDER... KEEP THOSE MEN ON THE RUN ! AND MAKE SURE NONE OF THEM ESCAPES !

SI, SENOR KELLY !

MEANWHILE, TIM HAD ANOTHER TASK TO PERFORM... AND A FEVERISH SEARCH IN THE DEPTHS OF THE TANK WAS SOON REWARDED...



THANK HEAVENS I'VE FOUND THE EYE AGAIN ! BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH ALL THOSE SOLDIERS ?

TIM FOUND THE ANSWER WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE TURRET...



COMMANDER... IS THAT A BOX CANYON AHEAD OF US ?

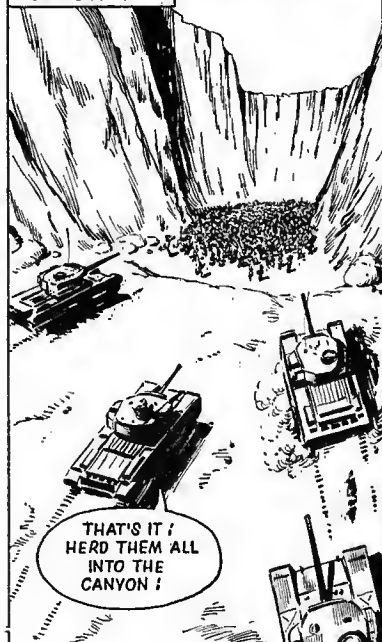
YES ! THERE IS NO EXIT TO THE NORTH, AND THE WALLS ARE VERY SHEER ! WHY DO YOU ASK, SENOR ?

IN REPLY, TIM RAPPED OUT A SERIES OF ORDERS...



TANKS WILL SWING WIDE ON EITHER FLANK ! KEEP THOSE SOLDIERS BUNCHED, AND WATCH OUT FOR STRAGGLERS !

LIKE IRON SHEEP-DOGS, THE TANKS GUIDED THE 'FLOCK' TOWARDS THE CANYON...



THAT'S IT ! HERD THEM ALL INTO THE CANYON !

AT LAST, SHEER GRANITE WALLS ENCLOSED A ONCE-PROUD ARMY...

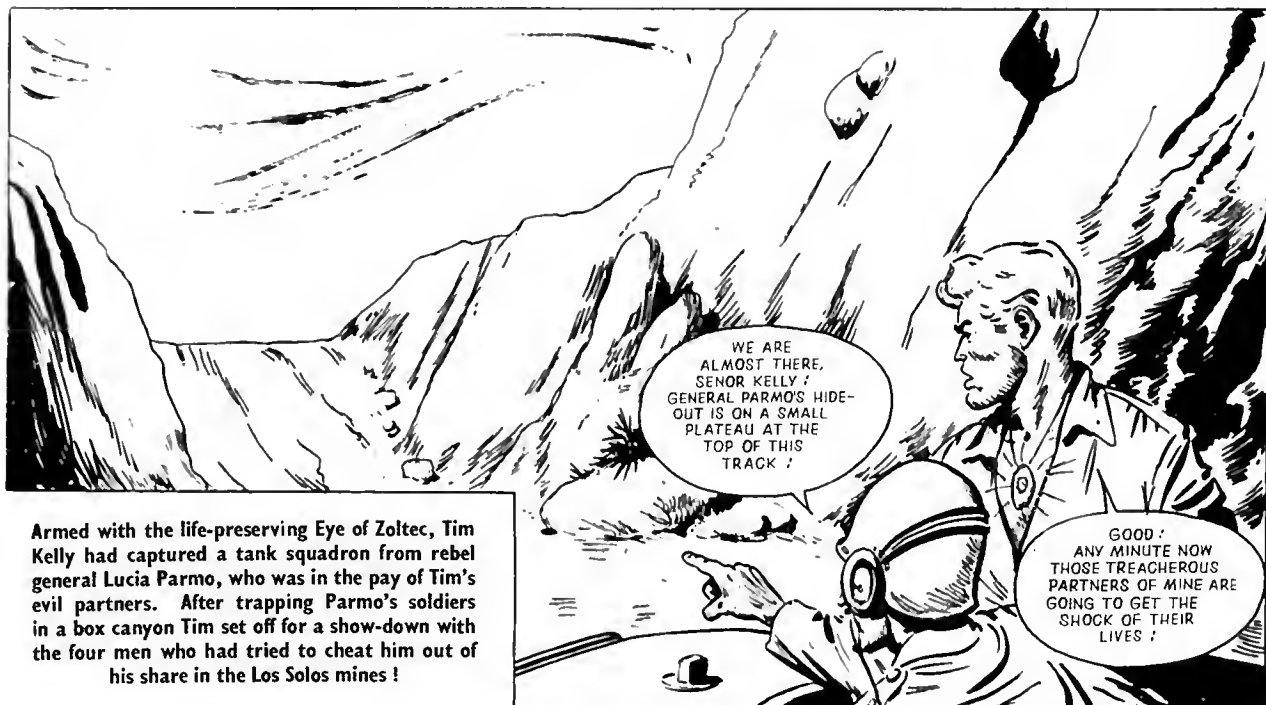


FINE ! WE'VE SNARED THE WHOLE BUNCH ! IF ANY MAN TRIES TO ESCAPE, FIRE A BURST OVER HIS HEAD !

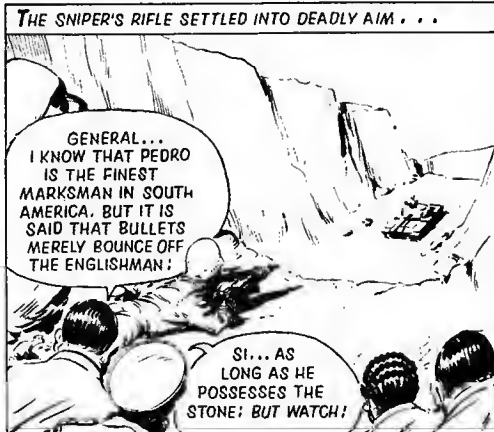
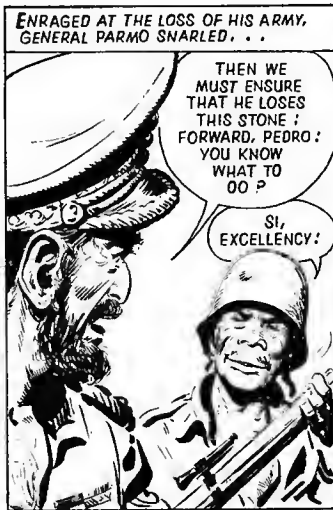
IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY, SENOR !



AND YOU, COMMANDER, CAN TAKE ME TO YOUR GENERAL'S HIDE-OUT ! I HAVE SOME URGENT BUSINESS TO SETTLE WITH THOSE TREACHEROUS PARTNERS OF MINE !



Armed with the life-preserving Eye of Zoltec, Tim Kelly had captured a tank squadron from rebel general Lucia Parmo, who was in the pay of Tim's evil partners. After trapping Parmo's soldiers in a box canyon Tim set off for a show-down with the four men who had tried to cheat him out of his share in the Los Solos mines!





AT THAT MOMENT, ONE OF THE REBEL JET-FIGHTERS WHICH HAD SURVIVED THE BATTLE WITH TIM'S TANKS, CAME SKIMMING ACROSS THE RIDGE . . .



THE FIGHTER PILOT DID NOT REALISE JUST HOW DEVASTATING HIS ATTACK HAD BEEN!



UNAWARE OF HIS DANGER, TIM HAD STARTED A DESPERATE SEARCH . . .

THE EYE MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT BEFORE I TACKLE MY PARTNERS!



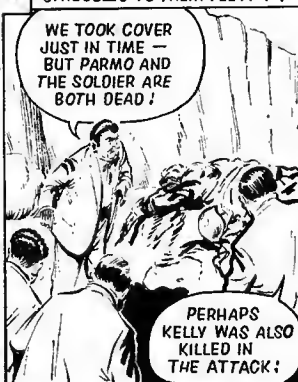
THEN . . .



TIM KELLY'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN HAD DELAYED HIS SHOT TOO LONG. SECONDS LATER THE JET PILOT THUMBED THE FIRING BUTTON . . .



AS THE AIRCRAFT ROARED AWAY, TIM KELLY'S RASCALLY PARTNERS STRUGGLED TO THEIR FEET . . .



BUT GENERAL PARMO MOVED TOO LATE! STRAY BULLETS FROM THE JET-FIGHTER LASHED INTO THE RIDGE, AND . . .



WITHOUT THE EYE OF ZOLTEG TO PROTECT HIM, TIM KELLY STOOD HELPLESSLY IN THE PATH OF THE PLUNGING BOULDER!



Is there no escape for Tim? See next week's breath-taking episode!

# THE AMAZING ROBOT ARCHIE

Trapped in Rotterdam in the future, Ted and Ken have been captured by the Superons---For Archie it's worse..

